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THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

DURING the last session of parliament, a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by a private member, which, although unsuccessful then, for want of time, may probably be again brought forward, and which had for its object the collection and preservation of the ancient parochial registers of England and Wales, extending over a period of three hundred years, and including those which are known as 'bishops' transcripts.'

The importance of these records cannot be over-estimated, and it has often been proposed that they should be copied, and the copies deposited with the Registrar-general at Somerset House. If this were done, however, it would necessitate the erection or obtainment of a more suitable building, in which to place the whole of these interesting national archives, than the one at present in use, which occupies but a corner of Somerset House, and which has become so small for its purpose that additional vault-room has just been acquired for it.

The Bill to which we have referred above proposed that every existing register which shall have been kept in any parish prior to the year 1837, and also every transcript thereof now existing in the registries of the various dioceses of England and Wales, shall henceforth be under the charge of the Master of the Rolls for the time being, and shall afterwards be removed to the Record Office. Thus, with regard to all bishops' transcripts of a date prior to July 1, 1837, and all registers made and entered before January 1, 1813, the proposed Act of parliament would authorise the Master of the Rolls to issue warrants for their removal to London. An exception was proposed to be made in the case of the registers intervening between January 1813 and June 1837, which were to remain in the custody of the local clergy for a period of twenty years from the passing of the Act. This provision was inserted to meet any difficulty which might have arisen in regard to fees; that

is, the money received for supplying copies of the certificates of births, deaths, and marriages registered during the period mentioned.

These important national records have hitherto been kept to a certain extent in duplicate, but very imperfectly so. Of course, all those in the Registrar-general's possession since 1837 are duplicates of those which are in the custody of the superintendent registrars throughout the country, and accidents of all kinds, or mutilations, are thereby very effectually guarded against; but previous to that year, the system of duplicates was only carried out in theory, and everybody seemed too apathetic about the matter to render the principle successful. The original and the duplicate were to be kept in different localities, and for this purpose, in the year 1597, were invented the documents known as bishops' transcripts. By these means, the original register remained in the possession of the parish clergyman, while the duplicate was deposited with the bishop's registrar. Thus the parish register was always at hand for ready reference in a particular locality, while the collection of duplicates from the entire diocese in the office of the bishop's registrar gave facilities for a general search.

Many of these old records have been very imperfectly kept, while others have been allowed to moulder in damp, musty cupboards or cellars until much of the writing which they contain has been rendered illegible. This seems a great pity; for they unquestionably supply data for a world of information with respect to the origin of names, the causes of mortality, and the habits and religious customs of the people for at least three eventful centuries in the history of our country. It is in the rural districts, mostly, that the old registers have been allowed to get into such a bad condition; for in London we find the parish records generally in an excellent state of preservation. Many of the latter date back to a very distant period, and are not only well preserved, but are beautifully written and explicitly kept. But in the former case, even where these conditions have been attended to, and the

transcripts forwarded to the diocesan registrar, the confusion into which they have been permitted to fall has totally destroyed their historic value for purposes of reference. Numbers of parish registers have been lost altogether, perhaps used for trade purposes, or to supply 'spills' wherewith to light the pipes of jaunty Cavaliers or phlegmatic Roundheads. Indeed, so careless have been the custodians of these valuable books, that it has been known for them to send the books themselves to inquirers, in order that they—the clergymen—might be saved the trouble of searching for the required information!

Registrars were appointed during the Commonwealth; and although there is evidence of these officials having worked well for the state, it is probable that their system of registration added to the confusion into which the older records had fallen; while it is also possible that some of the latter may have been ruthlessly destroyed. Again, when the monarchy was restored, it is just as probable that many of the registers kept by the officers of the Commonwealth may have met with a similar fate.

The proposal to bring all available ancient records together under one roof, is a good one, although it would be far better if room could be found for them in Somerset House instead of at the Record Office. Already, the 'non-parochial' registers of England and Wales, or as many of them as could be found, have long ago been placed in the General Register Office, and there appears to be no good reason why the former should not also be deposited there. While suggesting this, however, we would call attention to a defect in the otherwise excellent arrangement of the records deposited with the Registrar-general since 1837. All the civil registers are splendidly kept, and by means of a well-arranged and comprehensive index, every kind of information is attainable with the minimum of delay. But this is not the case with the non-parochial registers, which number about seven thousand, and which, with the single exception of those belonging to the Quaker community, have never been indexed. Thus it is a work of infinite delay and trouble to search for any information connected with the dissenting bodies, whose registers lie almost unheeded at the General Register Office, the general public being unaware of the existence of the fund of information which thus lies dormant.

Many of these registers are no larger than, and are in fact in many cases actually, pocket-books and clergymen's memorandum books. Dating from the year 1500, they contain a mass of varied and interesting information, which ought to be made available to the seeker after genealogical or antiquarian knowledge; but at present they are almost as useless for the purposes of research as they were before they were fished out of the many holes and corners in the towns and villages of England in which they had long lain buried. This should not be. It would not be a very difficult or expensive task to prepare an index to these useful volumes, and an intelligent clerk or writer would in a few months produce such a work as would be of incalculable benefit both to the office and to the public. At present, if a person wishes to seek any information from these registers, book after book belonging to the town or county in which the event searched for was

supposed to have taken place have to be looked through, and page after page scanned until the entry is found or the search given up. Thus valuable time is lost by the official who makes the search, which might, if an index were made, be saved to the office.

Some of these old registers are very curious, many of them containing on one page the clergyman's gardening or housekeeping account, or some Latin dissertation; and on the other, entries of baptisms, marriages, and deaths. Some contain the history of the chapels to which they belonged, and the rules laid down for the guidance of the congregations. Those relating to the Quakers and the French Protestants are highly interesting; while the records from the old Fleet Prison, with their beer-stained pages and 'quart-pot' marks, are unique amongst these relics of the past.

These volumes were collected in 1852 by a Royal Commission, which was empowered to examine, and to accept or reject any that were forwarded to it; and many and curious were the places and hands in which they were found. The Commissioners rejected many as being of doubtful origin; and we may here mention, as an instance of the carelessness of the original custodians, that one volume thus rejected had a *rat's nest* imbedded in its pages! The wisdom of the course then pursued with regard to these non-parochial registers might with advantage be followed in the case of the parochial records, provided an index of them is made; and as in the case of the former, these also should be deposited in a fireproof vault.

Unless some such step as that proposed in last year's Bill is soon taken, the country will lose many of these ancient tomes, which have lain so long at the mercy of the ignorant and careless, of the ravages of fire, and of the slower but equally sure annihilators—mildew and decay. Let us save, then, by all means, these valuable relics of the past, in order that we may obtain information from the brief records of those who did not live in vain, and whose patient and unremitting efforts, broken though they may have sometimes been by the strife of faction or the clash of civil war, built up for us, their children's children, the liberties we enjoy, and the splendid inheritance which is ours.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MR STERLING SEES HIS WAY.

ABOUT a fortnight after the titled sister's social triumph at that grand Kensington concert of Sir Frederick Minim's, whereof so many assiduous readers of the *Morning Post* had studied the report, a letter reached the other sister in Bruton Street. It was from Mrs Tucker's lawyer, and was addressed to the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Leominster. The lonely girl felt her heart beat quicker as she opened it, for its very outside told of help and recognition. Here it is:

MADAM—I have felt it due, less to myself than to those who are dependent on me, to wait long,

and carefully to weigh in my mind the circumstances of the case, before giving a positive answer to your Ladyship's request that I should become your solicitor, and in that capacity undertake the management of the suit which you propose to institute, *in re* Leominster v. Carew, for the vindication of your rights. Had I not come to the conviction that the truth is on your side, I should indeed be reluctant to commence a struggle in which all the weight of wealth, prestige, and position will be thrown into the adverse scale. But I have such faith in Justice, that I will, unless my messenger, who waits for an answer, brings me word that your Ladyship has seen fit to change your mind or to intrust your affairs to other hands, at once proceed to take such steps as I consider necessary, and shall hope before long to call on you for fresh instructions, and to communicate such information as may come to hand.—In the meantime, I have the honour to subscribe myself, your Ladyship's humble servant,
WILLIAM STERLING.

TEMPLE, August 1, 18—.

It was a dry letter and a quaint, but it was honest withal.

'You will please to tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.' That was the message which the office-lad carried back with him from Bruton Street to his employer's office in the Temple. He had had the answer from the lady's own lips, he said. Sir Pagan's sister had come down to the entrance-hall and spoken to him. The message was a simple one, and easy to remember: 'Tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.'

'That means *carte blanche* for the present, at anyrate,' said the little lawyer, with a well-pleased look, as he concluded the brushing of his hat; and then, picking up the gloves that lay beside it, sallied forth, and made the best of his way to Scotland Yard. The Assistant Commissioner for whom he asked was in his office—so said, with bated breath, the stolid but respectful constable on duty at the outer limits of the unpretentious workshop for the repression of crime, the name of which strikes terror into many a knave's heart. Mr Sterling handed his card to the policeman.

'Major M'Intyre knows me,' he said. 'If not particularly busy, say that I should be glad of a few words with him.'

Perhaps the Major was not particularly pressed by stress of work just then, or, more probably, he had acquired the useful habit of getting through it so steadily as to be able to brook an occasional interruption, for the solicitor was speedily admitted.

'Sit down, Mr Sterling, pray,' said the Assistant Commissioner, whose coat, in spite of the sultry heat of the day, was tightly buttoned, with military precision, to the throat, and who had, in fact, very much the air of an officer in charge of some outlying picket, in a peculiarly dangerous position, in front of an active enemy. And indeed this fiction, pleasant to the mind of an old soldier who had smelt powder in his day, was not an unwholesome one; for where has society more ruthless and unsleeping foes than among the criminal classes of a great city like London; and the Major perhaps knew better than did any one

beyond the confines of Scotland Yard, how hard it was for a blue-coated army of twelve thousand to keep in check the roguery, the rascality, and the riot, which lay hid now in dens and slums, like a cowed wild beast afraid to spring.

Mr Sterling, who indeed seemed no stranger to his official host, briefly stated his business. His request was to be allowed the services, properly remunerated, of course, of one or two of the most astute detectives at present off duty. 'I may as well say at once,' he added, 'that this is no ordinary case, but an investigation of the most difficult and delicate nature—very important, too, concerning as it does not merely the possession of a great property, but also the honour of a noble family, and'—

'Then don't tell me anything about it, for mercy's sake!' briskly interrupted the Assistant Commissioner, with a wave of one gloved finger, in its sheath of stiff buckskin. 'I am sure, Mr Sterling, from what I know of you, that you will make a proper use of whatever information you may acquire through the help of the police, and—— Ah, well, there's Birch, fresh from Liverpool, where he collared an absconding cashier with his foot just planted on the New-York packet's gangway. Wasn't it Birch—a very good man, staunch as a bloodhound on the scent—that I gave you for that insurance-office business where the prisoner was trapped, eh?'

Mr Sterling had a perfect recollection of Inspector Birch, and of the good service he had done, and said so.

'And then,' continued the Major, 'as two heads are better, so they say, than one, and as our beagles do sometimes hunt better, or at anyrate bring down the game better, when they hunt in couples, why, it's a lucky chance for your client—— You said two detectives, didn't you?'

Mr Sterling assented. No expense, he added, would be grudged, and he said it as cheerfully as if there were not much prospect that the outlay would come out of his own pocket.

'A lucky chance for your client that Drew is at liberty. You hardly could do better than engage Sergeant Drew, a smart officer, if we have got one in the Force,' said the Major. 'I thought of Blake, first; but he, though a valuable man, is Irish, and has the Celtic failing of being too imaginative. Had it been an affair of a plate-chest or a jewel-case, Blake would have answered your requirements to the full as well as either of the officers I recommend; but this is a fly of another hackle, as we old anglers say.' The Major touched a bell as he spoke, and a blue-uniformed henchman appeared. 'Inspector Birch and Sergeant Drew,' said the Assistant Commissioner, writing the names on a slip of paper, with his initials affixed.—'Not here, are they? When they look round at twelve, then, ask them, from me, to call at this gentleman's in the Temple immediately.—You can leave your address, Mr Sterling, in the outer office.—Thanks. Good-bye.'

So the Assistant Commissioner fell to again at his formal work of dockets and reports and signing of official stamped papers; and Mr Sterling took his leave, and went back well pleased to his office. He had not very long to wait before his ears caught, on the uncarpeted staircase, the martial tramp of heavily booted feet, and presently there was a sharp peal of the bell.

'Mr Birch!' announced the clerk, showing in, according to orders, the plump, jovial-looking inspector, in plain clothes, and with very much the air of a collector of the water-rate, or possibly, of the landlord of a public-house; while behind him, in uniform, stiff, smart, soldierly, looking every inch a policeman, appeared the tall figure of Sergeant Drew.

'Hope I see you well, Mr Sterling, sir?' said the inspector, with the affability of an old acquaintance.

'Pray, be seated,' said the solicitor, addressing the policemen collectively; and the policemen took the chairs towards which he motioned them. Mr Sterling was very glad to see Inspector Birch. He had had occasion, while conducting his inquiry for the insurance office of which mention has been made, to appreciate the merits of that excellent inspector, whose patient industry had baffled every turn and twist of the cruel and cowardly villain, on whose trail, as on that of a beast of prey, he had been set, and whom at last he had brought to merited punishment. But then worthy Birch had one great natural qualification for his difficult calling. He would never, under any circumstances, if not uniformed, have been taken for a member of the Force. For a grocer's foreman—Yes. For a waiter—Yes. For a plumber—Yes. But for a policeman—No. Now, Sergeant Drew, who wore a medal or two, and had probably earned his medals in India, sabre in hand, had very much the air of a trooper, and perhaps even more the air of a constable. And a spied spy, as Mr Sterling had wit enough to know, is but a very inefficient agent in eliciting the truth.

Inspector Birch noted the movement of the little lawyer's eyes, and seemed to read his thoughts, for he made haste to say: 'My comrade and brother-officer here, the sergeant, didn't take time to get into mufti, Mr Sterling, sir, after giving evidence at Bow Street to obtain a remand. Always wiser for a detective to give his evidence in open court in uniform. We plain-clothes officers can't afford to teach the rogues to know us in disguise. Look at the sergeant here—wears his blue cloth and badge as if it were his own skin; and yet, sir, I've met him that floury, with bare arms and nightcap, as a journeyman baker, that I didn't know him till he gave me the wink. Embezzlement case, that was. Drove a cart, too, on the Embankment, he did, and swore at his horse, and took off his beer quite natural, till he nabbed the chap that did the Hackney murder. What games, to be sure!' chuckled Inspector Birch.

It is excusable in a detective to chuckle, when he remembers how wicked men and artful wiles have been baffled by the ingenuity of the trained servants of Law. But Mr Sterling perfectly understood that Inspector Birch's reminiscences had been evoked to quiet his, the lawyer's, doubts as to Sergeant Drew's fitness for a delicate task. He looked at the two men. There they were, alert, ready; not like the poet's conception of bloodhounds straining in the leash—which, by-the-by, those sensible animals never do—but like two grim sleuthhounds in human shape, male Eumenides, to be launched, avenging, on the track of Crime.

'Now, gentlemen,' said little Mr Sterling, 'I

must ask your best attention.' And then he went on to tell them, briefly, but omitting no detail known to him, the story of the adverse sisters, of the rival claim, of the great interests at stake. The puny little solicitor warmed to the task of his narration, and his voice grew stronger, and his manner more emphatic, as he went on.

The behaviour of his auditors was characteristic. Inspector Birch, his pencil between his plump finger and thumb, and his open memorandum-book on his broad knee, hearkened attentively, took frequent notes, blinked at intervals, and sometimes pursed his lips until his mouth resembled that of a fish. The sergeant listened, impassive, sitting as stiffly as if he had been a mere Dutch doll, six feet high, with wooden joints.

At last Mr Sterling ceased to speak. 'And now, officers, what do you two say to that?' he asked breathlessly. It was unreasonable to put the question. As well have demanded, of two eminent doctors, an immediate remedy for an obscure and dangerous disorder, the diagnosis of which had just been empirically stated.

'Whew!' half whistled the inspector, looking into his hat, as though he expected to find an answer to the riddle inside.

'Tough job,' was the professional comment of Sergeant Drew, knitting his brows, as if there had been a battery to be carried, under fire of shot and shell.

'I am perfectly well aware,' said the lawyer, 'that this investigation is one beset by peculiar difficulties. When you and I, inspector, were hunting down that wretch Rafford, and were seeking, high and low, for the druggists who had sold him the fatal medicines, of which he made use to rid himself of the life that lay between him and his base greed, we had strong suspicion and certain facts to go upon. And when you deal with the criminal classes'—Mr Sterling paused; and the inspector broke briskly in.

'Quite so, Mr Sterling, sir. Our work's cut out for us, sometimes, easy as a teed ball, as golf-players say up North. An Englishman's house may be his castle, but his public isn't; and at taproom doors and corners of courts, one can get a word with somebody, and stand three-pennyworth of rum, or of beer half a pint, that leads to more liquor and more talk, and the witness-box, or the dock, bless you! This, as the sergeant says, is a tough job.' And the inspector got up, and drummed a tattoo with his muscular finger-tips on the window-glass, as he sometimes did when he was thoughtful.

Sergeant Drew listened with perfect gravity for a while to the tap, tapping of his brother-officer's fingers on the pane, and then said, with startling suddenness: 'I don't despair—not a bit of it. It's to be fought through, Mr Birch. Most things are.'

'I say so too,' returned the inspector, as he left off drumming and came back to his chair. 'But these cases of disputed identity are the worst of all—lead to hard swearing and cross-issues, break down the witnesses, bother the jury. Possession, so we are aware, Mr Sterling, is nine points of the law.'

'But nobody ever laid down, in the rules of the game, how many are the other points,' cheerily answered the little lawyer. 'We are,

I know, upon what appears to be the losing side; but money shall not be spared, nor labour spared, to turn the tables.—Now, officers, if you will lend me your attention, I will state, as shortly as I can, what are my own views, and on what lines we ought to work. My own notion is briefly this. And then Mr Sterling propounded his plan, which need not be here set down in detail, but the general features of which were that they should, for obvious reasons, divide their forces, that one detective should repair to the immediate neighbourhood of the Carews' old Devon home, and there lend a greedy ear to garrulity; and that the other should do his best in London. 'So, if our friend the sergeant be told off—that is, I believe, the correct military phrase,' concluded Mr Sterling—'for metropolitan duty, and you, inspector, explore Carew and the parts adjacent, why, perhaps we shall soon have affidavits to back the application to a court of justice which I propose to make. As it is, we have but one witness'—

'Right you are, sir,' responded the inspector. 'Only, if you will allow me, Mr Sterling, to give my opinion, it is my brother-officer who ought to go to Devonshire, not I. London is my element. But it's not that. Sergeant Drew is a strapping fellow, and set up, and has drawn a sword for Her Majesty in foreign parts; and the very sight of him, as an old soldier, will soften the temper and loosen the tongue of many an old woman whose son never came back from the Crimea or India. If you please, sir, I'll take the metropolitan half of the job. It looks brighter to me, as I think it over.'

So it was settled, then. A few preliminary arrangements were made; some notes and gold were transferred, for current expenses, to the inspector's keeping. 'No, thank you, sir; no wine. Too early for us, except on duty; for then, of course, we must hob and nob everywhere,' said cheery Inspector Birch.—'Good-morning, Mr Sterling. I'll keep you posted up, sir, as we work the oracle.'

PRISON PETS.

THERE are numerous instances on record of persons in 'durance vile' making pets of the most unlikely of animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Picciola of school-book notoriety, who gained over the good-feeling of his keeper to respect the pet flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison-yard, than is a similar feeling exhibited by the deepest-dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources.

The present humanitarian system of conducting prisons provides the educated prisoner with many means of killing, if not improving, his time, which a bygone system ignored. Companionship is found in books of the very best kind. In the case of the uneducated prisoner, it is very different. For many hours of the day he is shut off from everything but intercourse with his own thoughts,

and these being, as a rule, not very companionable, he casts about for something to engage his attention other than the four bare walls of his cell. Suddenly he hears the chirp of some impudent sparrow, enticed by a few stray bread-crumbs which the poor wretch has spared from his allowance and pushed through the grating of his window. Here is something which certainly bears him no ill-will; something which, to one given to suspect, is above suspicion. There is not the slightest doubt about *this* visitor. But the unsuspicious feeling is not reciprocal. The crumbs are all very well so long as they can be reached from without the bars. The dark within is an unexplored region. But there comes a spell of sharp frost, may be, which whets the appetite of the feathered visitor, or there is something in the manner of the would-be host which reassures him, and the inquisitive little head is cautiously pushed inside the bars, in order to follow up a trail of crumbs judiciously laid by the tempter. No harm follows; and familiarity breeds boldness. The little fellow is surprised to find himself quite within, tail and all, and, as though astonished at his own audacity, beats a hasty retreat. The next visit finds him less modest. He advances across the floor; then, with sidelong glances, makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite positive that the statue-like figure in the corner has no bellicose intentions. As a sort of feeler, the figure moves a foot or a hand. This is too much for Mr Sparrow. A fluttering retreat to the bars, out, and away, leaves the lonely inmate still more lonely. The thought of the crumbs, however, steels the little feathered breast, and by-and-by he makes another essay. At last he loses all fear, and hops up quite close to the immured one to snatch some crumbs sprinkled from the hand in sight of the bird. From this it is not far, as confidence is gained, to hop on to the knee and shoulder. What sort of bird-logic has been going on in the breast of this little sparrow? In a week or two he learns to come at a call, and to eat his meals from the hand of the man who, very possibly, is suffering imprisonment for kicking his wife very nearly to death, or for some kindred crime; but who would take infinite pains to attach this little soulless bird to himself, and resent, with blows if necessary, any interference with his pet.

What is the philosophy of the matter? Is it the waking up of dormant feelings? the softer, better memories of happier days, when the love of wife and children had not become estranged? Every man, even the lowest type of criminal, loves something or somebody. It may be a selfish, base love; but it is a love nevertheless. Who can fully understand the anomaly presented by the wife-kicking 'Black Country' puddler, who feasts his favourite bulldog while his poor children go about uncared for? Most likely the prisoner who has been so tender with the sparrow when shut off from the world, rarely noticed such an obscure creature in his days of freedom. There existed, however, some object or objects upon which he lavished his love; and, refused access to these, he turns to the sparrow or the mouse. To whatever cause the passion may be attributed, it is true that all are equally ready to avenge any insult offered, and he would be a rash man who,

of malice aforethought, would injure a prison pet. We have seen men, perfectly tractable and well-behaved on other occasions, behave like demons when the favourite sparrow or mouse has suffered violence at the hands of a warder, who, possessing more zeal than discretion, has not been able to discover anything in the affair save a breach of prison rules.

Whether or not the domestic mouse is more cognisant of the baseness of human nature than his relative the field-mouse, we cannot say; but certain it is that he rarely succumbs to the blandishments of the tamer, is less docile, and more apt to return to his normal state on the first opportunity. A pet domestic mouse is a rarity compared with the more tractable field-mouse, and the tamer of the former is looked at in the light of a professional. His ability is requisitioned to assist the amateur, and his proficiency in the profession thus becomes a marketable commodity. A 'sixer' or an 'eighter'—prison slang for a six or an eight ounce loaf—occasionally, is payment rendered for assistance in bringing a domestic mouse into a state of subjection.

A free man, with hundreds of other matters to engage his attention, could not spare the time necessary to turn out such marvels of the taming art as are to be found among prison pets. At work in the fields, haymaking or harvesting, a mouse is seized, secreted in the breast-pocket, and kept in there by means of a handkerchief which closes the mouth of the pocket. Imagine with what anxiety the man would go through the customary ordeal of being searched on his return from labour, fearful lest, when the handkerchief is removed for a thorough search, mouse's bright eyes should peep over the ridge of the pocket, and thus discover himself to the searcher, very possibly to be ruthlessly despatched. Should some more than usually amiable warder be the searcher, he may—seeing that a mouse cannot aid the prisoner in an attempt to escape—wiffully pass over him, or, in his hurry, fail to 'feel' the little soft creature. Mouse's education has already begun. After having been taken out 'to work' some two or three days, he learns to 'lie close,' not, however, before he has received sundry tapplings on the nose, as warnings of what to expect in case he should feel disposed to wander. Then the experiment of leaving the little fellow at home is tried. A nest of picked oakum has been made in an out-of-the-way corner of the cell; and into this nest he is put with many injunctions not to stir while the master is from home.

There is great perturbation of mind on the convict's returning from labour, for many things may have happened during his absence. Everything is eagerly scanned to see if it is in the same condition as it was left. On being satisfied that it is, the little quadruped is taken out for a share of the meagre meal; that over, he is put through a course of training—taught to run up the sleeve and come out at the shirt collar; to beg for crumbs, and, on the approach of the slightest danger, to rush into the harbour of refuge, the breast-pocket. Some unlucky day, the prisoner returns to find his pet gone; and real are his secret lamentations over his loss—far more real, possibly, than when, in his days of freedom, he lost his child by death. The unsentimental prison

cat, seeking what she may devour, has smelt out our little friend, and in a moment this companion and solace is a thing of the past. Or seeking 'fresh woods and pastures new,' but not dreaming of forsaking his old home altogether, mouse shyly wanders off, and is snapped up by some other representative of the taming fraternity. In either case, he is lost to his old master, who is inconsolable at his disappearance. Should he be able to fix the cause of his loss on anything or anybody, it is easy to see that he will become that thing or that body's implacable enemy. A case in point occurred at a London local prison a short time ago, and was reported in the public press. An order had been issued for the extermination of prison pets. A warder attempted to carry out this order in, perhaps, not the kindest or most judicious manner possible, and received a stab with a shoemaker's knife for his pains. A fatal affray at a convict prison in the south of England was the cause of this order being given. In a quarrel between two prisoners as to which should be the possessor of a certain mouse, a blow was struck which resulted in the death of one of the disputants.

Mice and sparrows are common prison pets; but what will be said of rats as things to be desired? We can imagine the horror of the female portion of our readers, who would, doubtlessly, consider pests a much more appropriate name than pets. A prisoner given to pet-making will tell you that the rat is almost unteachable, the most that can be taught him being attachment to the person. He cannot be trusted out of sight, but must be always carried out to work. He evidently enjoys the warmth afforded by the tamer's body, and being neither an epicure nor fastidious in regard to lodgings, finds this kind of life preferable to days of grubbing among foundations, fearful of terriers, poison, and gins, in a house of his own making—in short, he prefers it to working for his living. We fear that this rat is too true a picture of the habitual criminal in prison. The latter, supplied with a good roof over his head, a good and clean bed, fairly good food in comparative abundance, congenial companions, plenty of good literature, and no terriers in the shape of policemen, prefers, or if he does not prefer, is too easily contented with, his prison life.

TWICE LOST.

A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE first faint rays of morning were stealing through the windows of the sick-room, and combining strangely with the subdued lamplight, produced that painful, incongruous, melancholy effect which every sufferer long confined to a sick-bed, every watcher in the sick-room, well knows, and which has for most of us sadly mournful associations. No hour of day or night is so trying or so melancholy; none so suggestive of distressing fancies, or so apt to recall, in their saddest, darkest aspect, the bitterest recollections of our lives. There was something mournful and suggestive, too, in the aspect of the room itself. Still comfortable and even luxurious at a first glance, the second noted everywhere signs of neglect, of faded beauty

and half-forgotten elegance, traces of a vanished taste, a care that had long since ceased. Everything spoke of a woman's tact—a woman's love of neatness and grace—a woman's delight in the little cares, the work, half-labour half-amusement, that makes so much of the charm of home. Many things spoke, too, of a woman's memory still fondly cherished, but not with a woman's heed of trifles—a woman's close loving attention to all that reminds her of a love that has passed away. A woman's instinct certainly would have recognised at once the chamber of a widower, even before her eyes fell on the kneeling figure beside the bed, whose sombre dress, black ribbons and ornaments, told of a mourning technically overpassed, but which the motherless girl had not yet formally laid aside. She was evidently to resume it. The unforgotten pain of her first and heaviest loss—that of her mother—was about to be renewed by another loss that must leave her utterly alone; for none, looking on the face of him by whom the young maiden knelt, her hand clasped in his, her face hidden on the counterpane, could have noted the feeble movement of the thin, tremulous, wasted hand laid for a moment on her head, and failed to recognise the approach, almost the presence of death.

'Not for me, darling,' the dying man faltered in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper, that from moment to moment failed altogether, broken perhaps by weakness, perhaps by emotion. 'I shall see—your mother—soon. If only I could tell her—I left—her child—safe! It is hard for you, Eva—easy for me.'

A sudden spasm choked his words, and made her look up in alarm. At a sign from the trembling hand, she reached the cordial that stood close by, and love mastering both sorrow and fear, gave it with a steady hand. For a minute, the dying man's voice gained comparative strength and firmness. 'Warren—he may give trouble; but—you will find—my will—secret—. Give it—Clinton—he will not see you'—The voice, which had sunk once more into a whisper, here utterly died away; the intelligence, regained by a strong effort, faded out of the eyes; the breath came in gasps, more and more slow, labouring, unfrequent. At what moment the spirit actually passed, a more experienced attendant might hardly have known; but before the nurse, who, by the patient's desire, had left them alone for a little, re-entered the room, Eva Linwood knew that she was an orphan.

'How is she? Have you been able to ask, to ascertain anything, Eliza? There should be no need for uneasiness; but I know Linwood had no regular lawyer. He drew his leases himself, and knew enough, he always said, to keep clear of law. But he must have left a will.'

'Does it matter, Philip? Everything will come to her, of course, whether he has or not.'

'But he should have settled everything, have appointed guardians; and he was too much a man of business to forget that. Can't you ask her?'

'She is so mere a child, very childish for seventeen; I doubt whether he has told her; but I will ask when she is a little calmer. Had he no lawyer? Did he consult no one?'

'I think not. I never saw a lawyer here except young Clinton; and he is a barrister; he would

have nothing to do with Linwood's business. It is the more important, too, that the property is all, or nearly all, I think, real—some freehold, some leasehold, and some, I am afraid, copyhold.'

'But, Philip, she is his heiress; it is all hers, and a large inheritance too. When we took our house, you told me that Linwood Square was all his; and since then, he has covered the whole estate with houses.'

'Yes, some hundred and fifty houses, worth each from thirty to eighty pounds a year. Poor child! Often as I regret our poverty, I could not wish that Edith or Lily were heiress to such wealth.'

The speakers—Mr and Mrs Claverling, Mr Linwood's oldest tenants and nearest friends, if friends the eccentric, somewhat solitary man could be said to have—sat in the library, which had been his favourite sitting-room, as well as his principal place of business. Sympathy with the lonely orphan had induced Mrs Claverling to offer at once such kindly attentions as Eva might be able or willing to receive; and the instant clinging, almost frightened eagerness with which these were received—the evident comfort which the young girl derived from the presence of a single older friend—had overcome all scruples, and led her, at no little inconvenience to herself and her household, to devote herself entirely to the orphan, at least till the funeral should be over, and the reading of her father's will should consign her to the care of guardians selected by himself. The door opened, and Mr Linwood's old and trusted manservant entered with a letter. Much attached to his young mistress, and much distressed by her helpless loneliness, he had welcomed the presence of the Claverlings with a cordiality which they, familiar with his usual surly temper, had by no means expected.

'It is for your mistress, Andrew.'

'Yes, ma'am; but Miss Linwood could not understand it, should not be troubled with it now. I know the hand and seal. It is Master Warren's, the lawyer's. My master knew him for a bad un. Won't you open it, ma'am?'

With this, of course Mrs Claverling could not comply; but the letter, taken to its owner, was returned to her with a simple childlike request that she or her husband would open and answer all letters addressed to her at present. The letter was from Mr Warren, the nephew and sole male relative of the deceased; and merely intimated the nephew's intention to attend the funeral, and the subsequent reading of the will, 'if any.' Mr Claverling, though somewhat nettled by the tone of the letter, knowing that the writer could have no concern with the affairs of the deceased, thought it necessary to welcome, on the orphan's behalf, the presence of her father's only male relative at his funeral. It was difficult to direct Eva's attention to the question of the will, impossible to make her understand the importance of the subject; but when, having at last induced her to join them in the library, Mrs Claverling asked: 'Did your father say nothing, mention nothing and no one, at last?'

'Yes; he said something—I should find a will, and something about a secret; and then—his voice failed.'

'Did he say where? Did he mention any one? He had no lawyer, I believe?'

'No; he used to ask Mr Clinton to settle things for him sometimes. I remember the word, because it seemed to mean writing, not settling. Yes, and at the very last he said: "Mr Clinton will not see you"——'

'See you what?' Mr Clavering interposed.

'That was the last word. I think he meant, he would not see me wronged.'

With Eva's permission, and in her presence, Mr Clavering—who knew perhaps as much of his late landlord's ways and habits as any living man, much more than his own child—carefully searched every drawer, pigeon-hole, and cupboard, first in the library, then throughout the house, but without discovering anything like a will, or even a memorandum. That the search had been incomplete, that some secret hiding-place had escaped them, he was inclined to infer, when they found only a little loose gold and silver in the drawer that contained Mr Linwood's bank passbook; for Mr Clavering knew that his wilful and eccentric friend preferred to receive his rents and pay his bills in cash rather than by cheque, and habitually kept sufficient money for the latter purpose in the house. The passbook had been returned from the bank only three days before his death; and Mr Clavering was nearly sure that a very considerable sum must have been paid to Mr Linwood since the date of the last entry.

'Can you trust all your servants, Miss Linwood?' he said at last.

'O yes,' answered Eva with unaffected confidence. 'Cook and Andrew have been with us ever since I can remember; and Wilson was my mother's nurse as well as mine. O yes; if they know anything, if they can help you'——

It did not even occur to her that they could be suspected of fraud or robbery, and Mr Clavering did not care to suggest a doubt, which, after all, seemed, after Eva's assurance, extravagant and unfounded. He questioned Andrew closely as to his master's ways, but with little result. Andrew was as sure as the inquirer that Mr Linwood had always money, and plenty of it, in the house; seemed to resent the question as an affront to the wealth of which he was proud. But where the money was kept, where his master's more precious papers were bestowed, he did not pretend to know. In truth, Mr Linwood had trusted no one; and his distrust, as often happens, entailed worse consequences than even misplaced confidence.

'Did you not ask Mr Clinton?' Eva murmured to Mrs Clavering as they returned from the funeral. 'I thought he would have been here.'

'You forget, dear, I don't know him. But it was thoughtless. I should have asked you, when you mentioned his name.'

Several of Mr Linwood's tenants who had paid him the last honours had, at Mr Clavering's request, followed himself and Mr Warren into the library; and the latter, taking a seat at the table next to the vacant chair at its head, turned naturally to the gentleman on whose arm Eva had leaned as she followed her father's remains to the grave.

'Mr Clavering, as you seem to have acted for Mr Linwood's daughter in these matters, you will perhaps ask her to be present; since, if

there is a will, she is probably the person most concerned.'

'Whether or not, I suppose?' retorted Mr Clavering, somewhat defiantly; angered as well as disgusted by the lawyer's tone, especially by the absence of any show or pretence of feeling. That Mr Warren should feel much regret at the death of a distant relative, with whom he had hardly been on speaking terms, was not to be expected. As he chose to attend the last ceremony, he might, Mr Clavering thought, have assumed at least a decent regard for the occasion, a decent sympathy for the orphan.

'Miss Eva,' Warren said, in a tone that made the nerves of more than one man present tingle with a strong impulse to knock him down, as the young girl, dressed in crape from head to foot, entered the room, leaning on Mrs Clavering's arm, and looking round with a timid almost frightened glance—'Miss Eva, has Mr Linwood left a will?'

Eva looked to Mr Clavering, who answered for her: 'We have searched everywhere, but have found none. If he had not been so thorough a man of business, I should have thought that he had deemed it unnecessary. But, considering the character of his property, and that he told Miss Linwood she would find one, I am surprised that we have failed to discover it.'

'It would be as well,' said Mr Warren sharply, 'it is, I think, necessary to search again in this young lady's presence and my own; and it may be well to have so many respectable witnesses to the result.'

The search was renewed, with the same ill-success as before.

'Then,' Mr Warren said, a look of relief and satisfaction on his face, which not a little perplexed all present save Eva, who submitted to the search as a mere form in which she could not be practically interested—'Then, Mr Clavering, and you, Miss Eva, I must warn you to remove nothing, except, of course, the young lady's own wardrobe and ornaments. I claim Mr Linwood's property and effects as heir-at-law.'

The astonishment of the whole party was extreme. Mr Clavering, recovering himself, answered sharply: 'You presume too much, Mr Warren, on the ignorance of laymen. An only daughter is her father's heiress.'

'A natural child,' rejoined Warren scornfully, 'is no one's daughter—can inherit nothing.'

'What do you mean?' asked very angrily a young man whose mother had been one of the late Mrs Linwood's most familiar acquaintance.

'Simply this—that the lady who was called by Mr Linwood's name was not his wife.'

'A falsehood!' exclaimed the young man indignantly, springing to his feet.

There was something almost dignified in Mr Warren's coolness under the insult. 'I did not affirm that the lady might not consider herself married to Mr Linwood, or that no ceremony may have passed. But she was not his wife, and that, sir, you will find. Mr Clavering, when my claims are admitted—and I think you will not venture to dispute them—I shall be willing to make, as Mr Linwood's heir, some suitable provision for this young lady.' He rose, bowed somewhat stiffly to Mr Clavering and the gentlemen present, made a more

courteous inclination to the ladies, and quitted the room.

'What can he mean?' said Mr Clavering, detaining one of his best informed and most intelligent neighbours, as the party dispersed; Mrs Clavering having considerably led Eva at once out of the room. 'Mrs Linwood was received in good society, though she went out but little.'

'And,' said the other, 'Linwood was not a man to insult social prejudices, to break social rules on such a point. No. Warren means that the marriage was, on some technical ground or other, invalid. Find out where it took place; look to the register; and consult a lawyer. Had Linwood no legal friend?'

'None that I know of, except a Mr Clinton.'

'Ah,' said the other; 'young Clinton of the Inner Temple? I have heard of him; and I saw him—yes, and his mother—here more than once while Mrs Linwood was living, when Eva was almost an infant. See him. Most likely he knows; at anyrate, he is a man to take up the case and find out all that is to be known. Warren will play no tricks on him.'

Mr Clavering had already given to Eva Linwood's affairs, as his wife to Eva herself, much more time than he could well spare, and had important engagements at his office that afternoon. But he was too generous, or too warmly interested in the orphan's fate, not to postpone his own affairs, however pressing, to such need as hers; and before an hour had passed, he had climbed, so eagerly that he forgot to complain of their height, the stairs that led to the chambers in a garret of the Temple, outside which was painted the name of Everard Clinton. He stood breathless and panting; and when the door was opened, a full minute elapsed before he could state his name and business. But in that minute he had taken in, with the quick practised glance of a man naturally observant of men and manners, the appearance both of the chambers and their occupant. The former, poorly furnished as they were, were surprisingly neat and clean; were evidently Clinton's dwelling as well as his place of business. Instead of rickety second-hand mahogany, the tables and chairs were of plain, strong, stained deal; instead of a ragged carpet, a clean bare floor, with a large deerskin on the hearth, the prize of some rare holiday in the Highlands. The writing-table, which stood in the further window, and from which Clinton had evidently risen to admit his visitor, was covered, not with law-books, but with that miscellany of literature which Clavering had noticed in the rooms of a friend engaged on the daily press; that which occupied the centre of the room, and at which any one calling on business would naturally take his place, was devoted exclusively to legal text-books and professional papers. More unprofessional than the contents of the writing-table was the flower-stand, which occupied the nearest window; every plant evidently tended with especial individual care; no purchase of the day, no hired outcast from a nurseryman's stock, but nurtured for months or years by its present owner; some in flower, some in bud; some that, as Mr Clavering, himself an amateur florist, well knew, had flowered already, and would not

flower again for months to come. The rooms were characteristic, and fixed the visitor's attention the more closely upon the person of their tenant. Neatly and carefully dressed, with a slender figure, that would have looked taller save for the slight stoop of a student, Clinton's thin pale face suggested overwork, perhaps work too constant to allow leisure for sufficient air and exercise. But the bright penetrating eyes showed no sign of weakness or ill-health; and the voice, though quiet, had in it a certain ring that told of energy not exhausted, of spirits not depressed by labour, however severe and prolonged.

'Mr Clavering, I think? I met you at Mr Linwood's. I was grieved to hear of his death. That has brought you here, I presume? He has left a will, of course?'

Far from being offended, Clavering, as a man of business, was pleased by the quick sharpened questions, the glance reading his unspoken answers, that brought him instantly to the point. Evidently, Clinton would waste no time even upon a question in which, as Clavering instantly saw or felt, he was keenly interested.

'So!' the young lawyer said when he had heard the story. 'There was a will; but for the moment we must presume its absence. What then? Eva is legitimate, or her father thought so; her mother was his wife, or he believed so. Where were they married? Have you found any papers on that subject?'

'Yes; in his desk, on a third search, after Warren had put us on our mettle.'

'Ah!' Clinton said, after perusing them carefully. 'This is too good. Warren can never have made such a claim on mere speculation, because, perhaps, the marriage taking place abroad, he had not heard of it. No; there is something we do not know. She was his second wife; but I have seen the tomb of the first; and here we have the attested record of her death two years before the second marriage.'

'That seems thoroughly satisfactory. What more would you have?'

'Good enough, Mr Clavering. Ask Mr Warren to call to-morrow night. I will look into the matter meantime, and will be there—if you will obtain me Miss Linwood's permission to call at six, and appoint Warren for seven.—You can tell me no more? Then I will not waste your time with comment or conjecture. Good-morning.'

SEA ISLAND COTTON.

ITS HOME AND ITS CULTIVATORS.

THE Sea Islands are a group lying off the coast of South Carolina, and at no great distance from the mainland. The cotton produced on them is of superlative excellence and length of staple; and John's Island—one of the largest—is a name familiar to the cotton exchanges of the world. A more primitive place it is hardly possible to imagine. At an early period, Lord Fenwick built there a grand manorial residence, which is still in excellent preservation; as are also the roomy stables, kennels, &c., and the fine racecourse which he constructed for his pleasure. The house is

now known as 'The Headquarters' Plantation,' a name it received from the British officers who made it their home during the revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas; and its large comfort and solidity, its fine avenue of approach, and its splendid and ghostly traditions, make it a grand landmark of the days of English colonisation.

At that period the Island was divided among a few families, and some of the large brick mansions which they erected, and their stately family burying-places, still remain, although the houses are now generally deserted and the vaults empty. But around them time and misfortune have thrown a glamour of ghostly romance. At one, a lovely girl in bridal costume, playing on a triangle, walks up to a mirror and fades away. At another, a handsome soldier dashes furiously up the avenue on a powerful horse and suddenly disappears; while at the Old Headquarters' Plantation, some spiritual visitor knocks every day precisely at noon at the front-door. A remarkable thing about the latter ghost is, that for some time past it has gone round to the back-door, the quaint old brass knocker having been removed there, to make room for a modern electric bell. Evidently, it could not make up its mind to use the bell, and so followed the knocker to the other side of the mansion. Strange love-stories are also told about these old homes; and Lord Fenwick's lovely daughter, who ran away with her father's coachman, and lived very happily with him, has a perpetual youth in the songs and tales of the negro population. In fact, all traditions indicate that, in colonial times, John's Island was a gay and wealthy settlement, and that the English gentry who owned it kept up in lavish splendour the sports and the domestic traditions of the mother-country.

To-day, however, life on John's Island—and it may stand for all the Sea Islands—is a very different affair—a hard unlovely struggle with poverty. The ladies make dresses for the negro women at fifty cents a dress, or teach government negro schools at thirty dollars a month. Yet I never met any family who did not claim to have been very rich before the war. There are, however, no remains of this wealth, or of the refinement that generally accompanies wealth. Poverty and ignorance are evidently at home there. The people have forgotten the hunts and races and hospitality of colonial times; and the forty white families which constitute the John's Island proprietors rarely meet, except at church. The church is a small frame-building erected on the brick foundation of Lord Fenwick's church. Some of the tombstones in the graveyard are far back in the eighteenth century, and reveal, quite unconsciously, the peculiar vanities of the early settlers—thus, Dame Elizabeth Carson is described not only as the 'loving and beloved wife of James Carson,' but also as the 'daughter of John Gibbes,

Esq.' Pedigree was something, even on a tombstone, at that date.

The negroes are the most interesting part of the population, and in some respects they are unique among their own race. They belong to these Islands. Freedom has not tempted them away. They came with the early English settlers, and they at least preserve many of their manners and superstitions; traces of old English songs and tales, and peculiar words, not heard elsewhere in America, are part and parcel of the negro life in John's Island.

I went to John's Island just as the spring opened. The glad event was announced by the peculiar cry of 'Chip, Widow Will, Chip! Widow Will, Chip! Widow Will!' 'Don't you hear him in de sycamore-tree, Maudy gall?' cried Old Uncle Major joyfully. 'Bress God, him call for de winter dead!'

For this welcome bird, like the swallow of more northern climes, 'carries the spring on his back.' It is of the same family as the Whip-o'-Will of Texas and North Carolina; and South Carolinians declare they can tell at night the moment they cross the boundary-line by its call. The cry of this bird inspires the John's Island negro with a marvellous energy. As soon as it is heard, hoes are sharpened, and every one is impatient to get his cotton in the ground. 'De cotton, de corn, and de rice, drive him close now,' is the common saying. The cabins are shut up; for even the children are off to the fields to help in clearing away last year's stalks and trash. This is always about the 10th of March.

The first process for the cotton is called Listing. If new ground is broken, of course the plough is used; but if an old field is to be replanted, the stalks are removed from the last year's beds; and in the alleys between them, the negroes go tramping up and down, shaking from the all-serviceable fanna-baskets the pine-trash or other manure intended as a fertiliser. Upon this manure they draw down with the hoe the last year's beds, and then leave the ground a short time to suck in the heavy dews of the night and the glorious sunshine of the day.

The next step is to 'bank' the ground; that is, to make a new bed on the top of the listing. These beds are about two feet high, and raised at regular intervals. Into them are dropped the small black cotton seed; and 'soon it pop up, one here and dare, den it all come to see what dis worl' is like,' says Old Major. The morning glories follow the cotton, as the poppies follow the wheat; these are removed with the hoe; and some time later the earth has to be drawn up around the roots. The latter process is called 'hauling' or 'kicking back,' because the women when at work brace one foot against the bed behind them.

The cotton is ready to pick about the middle of August. At this time may be seen on one plant the flower, the green, the half-ripe, and the wholly ripened pod. Sea Island cotton grows to a great height; on John's Island, eight feet and over is usual in a good season. Unless there is a short crop, the picking lasts till after Christmas. It is a season of universal suspicion; husbands watch their wives, and wives their husbands. No

one trusts anybody else. The planter has his special watchmen; and even then, he loses many pounds by what the negroes call 'dem tricky members;' for they never call each other 'thieves.' The small stores on the Island buy this stolen cotton, and very young children are experts in keeping them in stock.

The negroes work on what is called 'the contract system.' They make bitter complaints of it—I think without any just cause. For working an acre and a half of ground for the planter they get seven acres of land for their own use; also a house and the right to cut as much wood as they require. Few, if any, plant half of the land they are allowed; they rely on making enough to clear them one year. But to look even two years ahead is a tremendous piece of forethought in a negro; very few are inclined to do it. If they buy a horse or cow, they generally starve or work it to death in less than a year, though very likely it is only part paid for. A negro's horse, while I was on John's Island, died of starvation and ill-usage; and when spoken to, he laughed and said: 'Ise a man as is used to loss; dat ain't boder me none.' They are poor because they have a bird-like indifference regarding to-morrow and its wants.

While in the fields, they laugh and jest and sing continually. Their songs are generally impromptu, and refer to passing events or needs. Thus, I heard a splendid young darkie, with the proportions of a Hercules, bare-armed and bare-chested, singing in a voice that Campanini might envy, as his hoe scattered the morning glories:

Dry land, dry land, Lord!
Dry land, I say.
'Tain't good fur de cotton;
'Tain't good fur de corn;
'Tain't good fur de tater, nor
De big water-melon.

From March until June, the negroes are busy in the fields; then the crop is 'laid by;' that is, it is worked no more until the pods begin to burst and cover the fields with the snow of southern summers. White and fleecy, the cotton drops from the pod, and then the real work begins. Up and down the green alleys, men, women, and little children walk, gathering the cotton into the bags that hang in front of them, or are drawn a little under the left arm. As soon as enough cotton is gathered, 'ginning' commences; and in this, as in almost all other parts of planting and working cotton, women take the most prominent part. The packing and weighing are mostly done by men; but women gin and sort and whip better than men. After the ginning, it goes into the sorters' and whippers' hands; the bad is divided from the good, the yellow from the white; then the dust is whipped out, and it is packed in round bales; the round bale being the distinguishing form of Sea Island cotton. When less than a bale is packed, it is called a 'pocket.' The canvas used in packing Sea Island cotton is of very superior quality; and the price the cotton brings per pound varies greatly. It has been sold at a dollar per pound; but about forty cents (one shilling and eightpence) is probably a fair average. An old John's Island planter told me that twenty cents (ninépence) was the lowest figure he ever heard of.

The negroes generally build their own cabins; they are of the rudest description, logs and mud being the materials used. Windows are not considered necessary; the doors have no hinges; and the furniture usually consists of a couple of rude beds, a table, a chair or two, and the hominy-pot. Yet, however humble, the house is always 'christened;' that is, the preacher carries the Bible through the house with prayer and 'shout'-singing. For if the John's Island negro is not pious, he is nothing. From this side of his nature he is most surely and safely moved. Every event of his life has its appropriate religious ceremony, some of them extremely beautiful, others grotesque and silly enough, yet somehow raised above contempt by the sincerity of the devotees. Thus, on last Easter-Sunday I saw men and women join hands in a ring, and then, to their peculiar swaying religious dance, sing a hymn, which began thus:

Oh, Him died fur you, and Him died fur me,
And Him died fur de whole roun' worl'; you see;
And Him said he wouldn't die eny mo', chillen,
He said Him wouldn't die eny mo'.

Intense indignation at the revision of the Bible was general. In a special meeting called on the subject, the preacher said: 'Brederen, I done call you up 'bout dese men what have been a-fooling wid de Bible. I done been informed dey has got up a new Bible; and I want you all to toss up your money, (and send some good man to talk all dat nonsense down.' The money was freely 'tossed up;' for the preacher is an absolute power among them, and his commands both as regards things temporal and spiritual more binding than the common law.

The little churches stand mostly in the pine-woods; and it is a pretty and picturesque sight to watch the negroes on a Sabbath morning gather in crowds around them, laughing, smoking, singing, and chatting until service begins.

Once in church, they stay there for hours, and go home only to get a dish of hominy, and return again. Their services have a colloquial character which often impresses a white stranger as irreverent. But irreverence is a sin of which these negroes are incapable. Their interruptions of the preacher in his discourse would to a white stranger necessarily appear to indicate a want of proper decorum and respect; but the fact is that there is nothing in life about which the John's Island negro is so earnest as his religion. He brings it into all his occupations, and often uses it in a very beautiful and poetic way.

Their use of English is in many respects very peculiar. They never use the pronoun 'I;' man, woman, child, ox, or bird, is 'he' or 'him;' thus, instead of saying, 'I can walk back easily,' they would say, 'He can take he foot back easy.' The plural is rarely used. Instead of saying, 'I came to see you twice,' they say, 'I come one and one time.' Some of their forms of expression are forcible and very original; thus, when a man acknowledges his fault, 'he makes his low bow to de Lord, and says: 'I ain't a-gwine to done it no more, sir; no, Lord, no more.' Other sayings have a proverbial terseness; as: 'You needn't cloud up 'cause you kent rain;' 'You needn't cross de fence 'fore you git to it;'

'Don't kick before you're spurred;' or are expressive of contempt: 'Shoo! you go 'long, you little puff ob wind.'

Rice and the majority of the splendid vegetables to be found in Charleston market are grown on this group of Islands; and they would appear to be, from their fine climate and proximity to the recently discovered wealth of fertilising phosphate, a favourable place for a better class of emigration, especially as there is yet much land in primeval wildness, great woods stocked with game, and inlets full of delicious oysters and fine fish of every kind.

But I have no desire to mislead; and it must be admitted the drawbacks to such emigration are not trivial. First, there is an insidious malaria. To be out in one of the drenching dews, or even to sleep with open windows while dew is falling, is to be prostrated by an attack which effectually destroys all energy, and may eventually master life itself. Snakes of many kinds abound, and the rattlesnake is of large size and deadly venom. The swamps, though full of exquisite flowers and birds, are also the homes of dreaded insects and of thousands of alligators. The latter when hungry often come into the farmyards after chickens, &c.; and I saw a negro with an axe walk up to such a depredator and split his head fairly and squarely open. With a tremendous convulsion, the creature rolled over and died. Of course the skins are very valuable; but few white men would care to compete with the negro hunters.

As sportsmen, these negroes are of the keenest order. Nelson, the chief negro shopkeeper, always locks his store and calls his dogs the moment he hears a horn, or is tempted by some crony with a suggestion of 'Big fox in de bush;' and sometimes the store is left locked for three or four days at a time. 'Store ain't a-gwine to run away,' Nelson argues; 'and dar ain't no certainty 'bout dem foxes.'

The Islands, indeed, are favourite hunting-grounds for the Charlestonian gentlemen; and as there are plenty of fine staghounds and other sporting dogs on them, with any number of darkies always 'ready fur de fun,' a run after a deer or fox, or a shooting expedition for birds, can be organised at a few minutes' notice. The whimper of dogs or the sound of a horn sets the negro blood on fire. He flings down the hoe, shoulders his rifle, and puts on a different kind of manhood. All trace of subservience is gone; his keen scent, his flying feet, his great strength, and his natural knowledge of woodcraft, make him the conscious peer of any man in the chase. And as a rule, he is a charming companion; never weary, never cross, full of fun and song and queer observations. Many English and Scotch gentlemen visit America solely for the purpose of sport. The Great Divide, the Texas prairies, and the Colorado Plains, are now an old story. I may deserve a 'Thank you' for pointing out a new locality full of a picturesque and peculiar life.

Not only are there plenty of foxes and deer, but there is capital sport in an alligator-hunt. The dogs—though a favourite prey of the alligator—are always ready for the attack, and drive him from cover with eager interest. Just as this spring opened, there was a great baying

heard one evening around a little clump of gum and myrtle trees; and an old black man, gun in hand, hurried up all excitement to the house. 'Come quick, Mass'r Tom! De dogs done turn up de ole alligator what eat my best dog last week.'

We all made what haste we could; and found, on reaching 'Gum Island,' eight dogs barking furiously at an alligator, nine, perhaps ten feet long. They of course kept at a safe distance from his tail, for these creatures, when thus brought to bay by dogs, fight with their tails—that is, they rush at a dog, and with one terrible blow of their tail flop the dog fairly inside their open ugly mouth. This creature was encompassed by his foes; but they were too alert and watchful to come within his reach. He had lashed himself into a fury, and his growling 'Huff! huff!' was really a terrible sound. But Africa the negro made a clear bound to his side, and instantly split his head open with an axe; a blow followed by the dying roar of the huge creature. He was then dragged to the quarters; and I followed to see the brute skinned. He lay on his back before the cabin—a cabin perhaps not very comfortable, but picturesque to the highest degree, for it was covered with jasmine, while the long gray southern moss drooped over it from a gigantic tree like a huge umbrella, so that we lifted or parted it to get inside the space so protected. Cassandra, Africa's wife, in her blue hickory dress and scarlet turban, stood at the door churning in a stoneware churn, and about twenty little laughing, chattering, dancing children were watching Africa's operations. Very soon Africa's daughter Susan, and her husband Silas, joined the group. Susan was smartly dressed; and Silas—who is the dandy of the plantation—wore his hat on one side, and lounged nonchalantly forward with his hands in his pockets. As before said, these negroes turn everything into a song; and Susan, after looking at the alligator, nodded to her husband, and said: 'Silas,

What am alligator good fur?

Alligator good to bay dog, oh!

Bull-dog, cur-dog, eny kind ob dog.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

What alligator tooth good fur?

Alligator tooth good to make a whistle,
Car-whistle, railroad-whistle, eny kind ob
whistle.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

What alligator tail good fur?

Alligator tail good fur make steak;

Round-steak, loin-steak, eny kind ob steak.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

And so on; until every portion of the alligator had been described, even to its entrails, which Silas informed us were good to make 'reins ob; stage-reins, buggy-reins, cart-reins, eny kind ob reins.' The skin is really now a very important article of commerce, the leather being used extensively for making hunting-boots, storm-shoes, cigar-cases, or leathern articles of any kind likely to be subjected to moisture, which it resists. Ladies have also adopted it, as well as rattlesnake-skin, for bags, belts, pocket-books, and the like.

To those fond of butterflies and beetles, the John's Island swamps are rich and almost

unknown ground. Specimens of extraordinary size and brilliancy abound; and I also saw there some rare and beautiful orchids, ferns, and other botanical treasures usually sought in more tropical countries.

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

ONE of the duties incumbent on man is to leave instructions for the proper disposal of his goods and effects after his decease. This is a moral obligation which ought never to be avoided. It is true that laws exist providing for the succession to the property of any individual who may die without making a will; but these laws, though generally beneficent, do not, and never can, in every case mete out that justice which heirs may separately deserve. The family status, the amount and character of the possessions, the rights, reasonable expectations, necessities, qualifications, and perhaps the talents, of the different heirs who ought to succeed, along with numerous other considerations, should receive the gravest attention. Owing to the uncertainty of life, procrastination regarding such a weighty subject almost amounts to a sin; for a man is bound to do justice to his offspring, that unseemly wrangling may be obviated amongst brethren, who otherwise get credit for dwelling in unity.

The following remarks will be confined to a brief review of the qualifications required by a testator, of what estate a person may test upon, and of what constitutes a valid will.

The powers of a testator are regulated mainly by the law of domicile. If his home be Scotch, whether he is English-born or not, his personal estate will be subject to Scotch jurisdiction, and will be distributed according to Scotch law, which will determine the validity and interpretation of his will, and *vice versa*. In England, since 1838, every person before executing a will must be twenty-one years of age. In Scotland, the law is somewhat different. There, males above the age of fourteen, and females above the age of twelve, may make a testament or will conveying personal, but not real property (land or houses). In this way a boy or girl above these ages, if possessed of a house and furniture, may, for instance, will away the furniture, but not the house. Furniture, money, stocks, ships, &c., come under the category of Personal or Movable property; houses and land under that of Real. Insane persons, except during lucid intervals, cannot make a will; nor can persons whose faculties are so impaired by old age as to render them incapable of fully understanding the meaning and effect of the particular document. In England, illegitimate children have always had the same privileges as those that are legitimate so far as the making of their wills is concerned. In Scotland, prior to 1836, persons who were illegitimate could not, according to high authority, make a valid testament of movable estate. As regards real estate, they were never under any special disability; although, like all other persons, they were until 1868 subject to the law of deathbed, and to a law requiring

technical formalities in the disposal of real estate by will.

Every qualified person may now dispose by will of his property of every description, including lands, houses, money, stock-in-trade, goodwill of business, and investments of every kind, if words are used which, though not technical, clearly refer to real as well as personal estate, always, of course, under burden of the rights of creditors. All debts must be paid. Government duties, funeral expenses, servants' wages, and other preferable charges, require to be settled. Then there are rights fixed by law or contract which husbands and wives have in each other's estate, and which children have in their parents' means. These claims must next be satisfied. In England, children never had any indefeasible right to a share of their parents' estate, except prior to 1857 in the city of London, York, and some other old Roman towns, where there was a customary law in favour of children similar to the common law of Scotland; and since 1834, a widow has no indefeasible right to dower from her husband's real estate; although in certain cases the husband has an indefeasible right to *curtesy* (that is, a kind of life-rent) from his wife's real estate.

In Scotland, the widow and children have always enjoyed rights indefeasible by the will of the father and husband—named *jus relictæ* and *legitim*—to shares of the husband's movable estate; and in most cases husband and wife have indefeasible rights, named *curtesy* and *terce*, in each other's real estate. Yet in the latter country, if a testator converts all his property into lands and houses, or invests it in heritable bonds, he may leave his whole estate to a stranger, and so defeat the rights of his children, provided that it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of a jury that he did so with intent to defraud them. While English wives and children may be left without a farthing in any case, Scotch widows and children have a right indefeasible, except by ante-nuptial (marriage) contract, to personal estate, such as money in bank, furniture, clothing, animals, carriages, implements, stock-in-trade, goodwill of business, and so forth.

The children's share or bairns' part is one-third—or one-half if there be no widow—divided equally amongst them. The wife is entitled to another third, or, in the event of there being no children, to a half of her husband's personal estate.

In the case of marriages after July 18, 1881, the husband has a similar right in his wife's separate estate.* This new right of succession in husbands has been held to extend to all marriages at whatever date contracted; but the point is now under appeal to the House of Lords. In making a will, it is unnecessary to refer to these rights and obligations, for they are supplied by law.

Probably the most bitter hatred that infests humanity is that which arises from a quarrel over a will. Passionate feelings of the most degrading kind originate, and seldom cease till death steps in and ends them. Far better make

* For recent changes in relation to women's rights in property, see an article on 'The Married Women's Property Act (1882)' in No. 991 of this *Journal*.

no will at all, than make a bad one or an unwise one. Every child should be carefully remembered. It is too true that a well-doing father has often a spendthrift son, but seldom does it mend matters to leave that son penniless. Indeed, in Scotland such an attempt can only bring about an awkward exposure of the father's name; for besides being entitled to his share of legitim, the child can fall back upon his father's estate, if there be any existing, or traceable to the possession of a gratuitous recipient, to support him in the poorhouse, or otherwise secure him against starvation. Money can be safely tied up by a trust, or in the shape of an inalienable alimentary annuity, through which it can be rendered impossible to squander the capital sum, or permit the income to pass directly to other hands than those of the prodigal for whom it is intended. In this way, kindlier emotions are far more likely to prevail over that enmity, which otherwise is certain to be rampant.

No person should write his own will, unless there be urgent need for it. Perhaps more litigation has arisen from this cause than any other. The most experienced lawyers, not even excepting learned judges, in making their own wills have been known to fail, not, however, in making simple bequests, for in that a man of fair intelligence and education could scarcely go wrong, but in trying too much in the way of complex and alternative and contingent destination—in short, looking too deeply into the future. A man of standing, and one who is constantly in the habit of drawing such documents, should be employed. Nothing is saved by being too parsimonious in this respect.

In Scotland, more laxity is permitted in reference to wills than in England since 1838. In the former country, almost any kind of written document purporting to dispose of the testator's property, and sufficient to show his intention, is regarded as a good will. It is not necessary that ink be used; and a legacy by word-of-mouth is good to the extent of one hundred pounds Scots, or eight pounds six shillings and eightpence sterling. If the will is holograph—that is, written entirely by the grantor's own hand—no witnesses are required. If it is not holograph, then two witnesses are necessary, with a regular testing-clause, or with the designations of the witnesses written after their signatures. They need not sign their names in the presence of the grantor, but he must either sign or acknowledge his signature in their presence. In England, every will must be attested by two witnesses, no matter who wrote it; and after either seeing the testator sign or hearing him acknowledge his signature, they ought to sign in his presence. A gift or legacy to a person witnessing a will is void, but it does not affect the validity of the will. The same holds good in Scotland, except in the case of very small legacies, which are not void. In England, a creditor may be a witness; while in the sister country the opposite is the case. All English wills must be in writing. Soldiers and sailors, however, when on service may make nuncupative wills—that is, by word of mouth. If a will is written on more pages than one, each page should be signed, the witnesses signing only on the last. In England, if the grantor cannot sign, he may

make his mark or a **X**, or he may ask some one to sign for him. In Scotland, only a notary or the clergyman of the parish can sign for another. All erasures and interlineations should be carefully mentioned at the end of the deed, and all marginal additions signed. Such, then, are the principal formalities to be observed in the execution of a will.

In the old Roman law, if a father wished to disinherit a child, he required to insert a special clause to that effect, or such child could get the will rendered void, on the ground that he had been forgotten. Blackstone in his *Commentaries* conjectures that this gave rise to the custom in England of leaving to a disinherited child the sum of one shilling, to show that he had been remembered. From this custom springs the well-known phrase, 'I'll cut you off with a shilling.'

If any man is determined to write his own will, let him do so in plain English, setting forth as clearly as he can what he has clearly and definitely resolved to do. All legal terms and phrases, notwithstanding the learning they may display, ought to be avoided. Children, if mentioned, ought to be called by their names; and such expressions as 'heirs, successors, issue, heirs of the body,' and so forth, never used at random. Most of these terms have a certain legal interpretation, which may differ from what the testator intended. There is no use, either, in inserting a long string of words like 'give, grant, devise, legate, bequeath, convey, dispoise, and make over.' Although most of the legal peculiarities attaching to these words are now swept away, their repetition only leads to confusion. All printed forms of wills should be rejected as dangerous, at least in so far as their meaning is not quite clear. If no legal aid is at hand, let the party express his wishes on paper in plain simple Saxon, just as if he were telling a friend a story, or writing a letter expressing his wishes. And let him not forget to sign it, as has been the case with many an amateur will-maker.

The same rules apply to codicils. They may be executed at the testator's pleasure; but if they make changes upon or partial revocations of the original will, great care should be taken that these are clearly expressed. The will and each of the codicils should be dated, although this is not essential, if their provisions do not clash. When two testamentary provisions are clearly inconsistent, the later revokes the earlier, and a will disposing of the whole estate, real and personal, heritable and movable, by implication of law revokes all prior wills. Litigation often arises from defects in the written instrument, but still more frequently from the author of a will not having clearly thought out what he intends to do; or having partly altered his mind; or having forgotten what he has done in some earlier codicil, which has fallen out of sight on a loose fly-leaf, and bequeathed the same ring or piece of plate, or other memento, to two different persons; or left the same money legacy twice over to the same person; or misnamed some college or charitable institution; or failed to distinguish two of similar names; or, worst of all, has delayed this duty of 'setting the house in order' until disease has weakened or destroyed the 'sound disposing mind,' and left the kindly wishes and

benevolent hopes of a lifetime—long cherished, but expressed perhaps too late—to a battle of medical and legal theories about insanity, or the accidents of a jury trial.

HOME FROM PENANG.

MANY years ago, I left the beautiful island called Prince of Wales's Island, more commonly known as Penang, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. We were three friends together, one of whom had been thirty-seven years in the island. He had been sent out when a young man for a sea-voyage, as the last hope for a supposed case of consumption. Happily for him, he found the governor of Penang on board the ship, and so commended himself, that he was chosen for an appointment under his government. So, after a long service there, he returned to Europe, and lived twenty-five years more, dying lately at the age of eighty-seven. His career seems to testify to the advantage of finding a home for delicate people in a climate that is not antagonistic to their health. The other friend still lives. He had been five years in the island, and had gained the good-will of all who knew him. Before the voyage ended, he very distinctly proved that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed.'

We left our beautiful island on a fine sunny day. The elder friend, who was leaving against his wish the home of many happy recollections, was so overcome that he remained in his cabin until out of sight of land. We other two stood looking at the beautiful hills, wooded to their very summits, some with trees of enormous growth; others with the graceful nutmeg trees growing on terraces, built with incredible labour by the industrious Chinese immigrants. We thought, too, of lovely 'Gluagar,' where we had both stayed, the residence of some English friends, whose house and heart were ever open to all comers, and whose kindness will be ever affectionately remembered by thousands of those who visited the happy island. Sad to say, very few years passed before both were called to their rest; but if those who have been loved on earth can be recognised in the spirit-land, they will have found many rejoicing to see them again.

The seven days' run to Ceylon passed pleasantly enough, and we arrived at Point de Galle in good time to catch the steamer to Suez. Here, of course, we were visited by the Cingalese diamond-merchants, who board every ship in the hope of selling their 'precious stones.' It is said that many of them are made in Birmingham, and that an offer of five shillings has been accepted for a stone priced at seventy pounds sterling, which afterwards proved to be made of glass. Another excitement is often added here by the dhoby or washerman forgetting to return the passengers' clothes, that have been too readily confided to him under the strongest promises of being returned clean in a few hours. The run on shore among the fine cocoa-nut palm-trees, and a quiet day in one of the hotel gardens, was a very pleasant break in the voyage, preparing us for what was coming.

On changing to the main-line steamer, we found matters very different from what they were on the moderately filled steamer we had

left. In the first place, a large part of our new steamer had been given entirely over to a native Queen from India, on her way to England to petition parliament about her grievances. It was said that she paid eight thousand pounds for her passage. Certainly her retinue was large indeed. At night, the attendants covered the whole of the lower deck, and it was an act of difficulty, requiring much agility, to reach one's cabin without treading on some of the sleeping Indians. In addition, in the adjoining cabin to ours there was a native Prince with three companions, who had all their eating, smoking, and betel-nut arrangements in too close proximity to be agreeable. So, under these difficulties we never slept in our cabin, only using it for dressing purposes. We slept dressed on deck, with our feet on chairs; and though we seldom retired before midnight, and were awake about four A.M. by deck-cleaning, the short rest so obtained sufficed for our requirements.

There were some strange individuals on board—one 'Captain' —, raised to that rank by himself. His position had been that of a shopkeeper in India, and he obtained the post of English Agent to the native Queen on board our steamer. It was stated that soon after leaving Calcutta, he had his boxes up on deck, and had this rank painted before his name—'CAPTAIN (Xyzo), King of —'s Service.'

Another passenger was a good-natured old man of enormous size, returning to England after a long residence in a sugar-producing island. He slept lying down on the deck; and one night, impelled by the movement of the ship, he started rolling, and went on until brought up by the screen that partitioned off the part reserved on deck for ladies, to their great disturbance.

A third passenger, a Madrassee, is worth notice. He was one of the English educated natives, an intelligent clever man, but completely *hors de combat* from the bad weather we experienced. 'Oh, if I could only get to Marseilla!' (as he called Marseilles) was his constant cry. He never reached that port; for after lying in his cabin with his servant, both equally helpless, until the steamer reached Aden, he went on shore, saying he would go to England another time. Poor fellow! He took the return steamer to Madras, where, not long after, he was thrown out of a buggy and killed.

There was indeed enough to make one tired of sea-voyages. The run in favourable weather from Point-de-Galle was then about eight days; in the teeth of the monsoon, we took fourteen days. The long narrow steamer rolled and pitched incessantly throughout this voyage, so wearisome to sufferers from *mal de mer*. We hardly saw another vessel during the fortnight; but two stirring incidents occurred, that made the hearts of some of us leap into our mouths. One morning, a great commotion was heard on the upper deck, sailors running and throwing over life-buoys, as if there was a man overboard. And so it was; for one of the native Queen's servants had tumbled off the anchor at the ship's bow. In the heavy sea, he was lost sight of in a moment. A boat was lowered, but searched in vain. The steamer then put about, and in returning, some one on the deck descried the black hair of the poor Hindu. The boat

already lowered being far away, the captain's gig, manned by one of the ship's officers, with a Chinese crew, was lowered in a minute. The poor half-drowned man was soon dragged into the boat, where he lay like a drowned dog. He seemed, however, safe. But his troubles were not yet over. Just as the boat was about to be hauled up, a tremendous sea dashed it against the steamer's side, smashed it to pieces, and let officer, crew, and Hindu into the sea. As the boat drifted from under them, one and all caught hold of ropes that were either hanging over the ship's side or were thrown to them. Officer and Chinamen came up the ropes hand-over-hand and reached the deck. So, indeed, nearly did the poor Hindu, who seemed roused into life by the new danger. He clambered up the rope until on the point of reaching the deck, when, strength failing, down he slipped into the sea, retaining, however, his hold on the end of the rope. Happily for him, the other boat soon returned, when he was hauled up by a pulley with a rope tied under his arms. This boat was got up without damage. The nearly drowned Hindu was well cared for. He, poor fellow, came from the interior of India, and had never seen the sea before this voyage. The 'captain'-agent induced the native Queen to give fifty pounds to the boats' crews; indeed, though self-promoted, he was an intelligent and agreeable person, and carried out the rôle he had undertaken with credit and efficiency.

This exciting scene was, however, followed in the course of a day or two by one of a similar nature still more exciting. One of the Indian sailors, called Lascars, fell from the topmost yard, owing to a sudden lurch, into a tremendous sea. It proved afterwards that in falling he had broken one arm in two places. He was lost to sight in a moment. The experience of the day before had proved the uselessness of lowering boats until the man was seen, so the steamer was put about at once. Steadily she described a circle once, within the circumference of which it seemed certain the lost one would be found; but none but those who have had experience can imagine the difficulty of 'spotting' a small uncovered head amid high rolling waves. Once round, twice round, and nothing seen. We knew the third time would be the last, and were on agonising tenter-hooks, when a fine old Colonel retiring after a long Indian service, standing a little way up the rigging with head uncovered, gave a shout of joy. The man was found, and soon was got on board without accident. Though very much exhausted, having, with incredible courage, supported himself with one arm in a raging sea, he soon recovered sufficiently to give an account of himself. 'I saw the ship go round, once, twice, and hope remained; but when the third came, I knew it was the last, and I thought it was all up.' No doubt the fatalism that supports these people in all inevitable trials had its effect in these two cases. Both of these men belong to castes not usually considered brave. It is curious how these Hindus, as in the case of Nuncomar, so well described in Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, will await their end with patience. The very men who would flee in scores before two or three English soldiers, will, when placed in another situation, evince the utmost

coolness. Such are the anomalies of Hindu character, most difficult to explain.

One word about the gallant Colonel, the successful marker. What a funny figure he was! He had been many years in India, and had of course taken out with him from England the usual outfit of clothes. Like the Anglo-Indians of those days, he had, when requiring new suits, given the pattern originally brought out to guide the native tailors, who seem unable to measure. No doubt, the divergencies from the original pattern, added to the eccentricities of native tailors in their work, produced in thirty-five years some very peculiar garments. Thus his waistcoats appeared to be about half the usual length, the coat-sleeves tight as stockings, and other things in corresponding jimpness.

But to return to our ship. We rounded Cape Guardafui at last, when the head-wind ceased, and the thermometer, that had been standing at sixty-eight degrees, rose at once to ninety and something more. Soon we reached Aden, and coaling went on all night while we still slept on deck. On awaking, every one commenced to laugh at seeing his neighbour covered with coal-dust, black like sweeps, forgetting for the moment that he was no better himself in colour. We reached Suez in six days, having made a not unpleasant passage through the Red Sea; for though the thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees, there was some head-breeze that modified the stifling feeling of its atmosphere. Crossing the desert from Suez to Cairo in the old vans, we reached Alexandria in due course, and on to England *via* Malta, Marseilles, and Paris.

Two curious coincidences followed within two years after the termination of this journey. After landing, the three friends from Penang and the Indian Colonel went on their respective ways and had little or no communication. In course of time, when two out of the four were married, it was found that, strangely enough, they had married cousins. Stranger still, both the ladies were also cousins to the elder friend from Penang.

SPRING IN AUTUMN.

SHALL we remember in some time far off,
When youth is dead and life has lost its sweetness,
What scents and sounds that day was woven of,
Whose memory, rose-like, in our life's December,
Would melt its snows to June's divine completeness?
Shall we remember?

O day too bright, too brief! when we too stood
Beside the old wall, ivy-veiled, moss-covered;
The purple mist clung to the crisp dun wood—
May to our hearts, set in the year's November—
Above our souls the soul of parting hovered!

Do you remember?

Ah, that one moment ere we turned to go!
If this my earthly life have end to-morrow,
Strong in that memory my soul will know
Not one regret for life's expiring ember,
Nor one thought's pain, nor one hour's dream of sorrow,
While I remember!

E. NESBIT.

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